

I know not how, a Traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence,  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot;  
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,  
And let it be confiscate all, so soone  
As I have receyvd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my Sonnes?  
*Bel.* I am too blunt, and tawcy: heere's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,  
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,  
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,  
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,  
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How? my Issue.  
*Bel.* So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)

Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment  
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares  
Have I train'd vp; those Arts they haue, as I  
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)  
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*  
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children  
Vpon my Banishment: I mou'd her too't,  
Hauing receyvd the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,  
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Vnto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,  
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose  
Two of the sweetest Companions in the World.  
The benediction of these couering Heauens  
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie  
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st:  
The Service that you three haue done, is more  
Vnlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A payre of worthier Sonnes.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile;  
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,  
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:  
This Gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*.  
Your younger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt  
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand  
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* *Guiderius* had  
Vpon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Staire,  
It was a marke of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he,  
Who hath vpon him still that naturall Stampe:  
It was wise Natures end, in the donation  
To be his euidence now.

*Cym.* Oh, what am I  
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother  
Reioy'd deliuerance more: Blest, pray you be,  
That after this strange starting from your Orbes,  
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,  
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

*Imo.* No, my Lord:  
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,  
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother  
When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,  
When we were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you ere meere?

*Arui.* I my good Lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting Iou'd,  
Continew'd so, vntill we thought he dyed.

*Corn.* By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgement,  
Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?  
And when came you to serue our Romane Captiue?  
How parted with your Brother? How first met them?  
Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?  
And your three motives to the Battaille? with  
I know not how much more should be demanded,  
And all the other by-dependances  
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place  
Will serue our long Interrogatories. See,  
*Posthumus* Anchors vpon *Imogen*;  
And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye  
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting  
Each obiekt with a Ioy: the Counter-change  
Is seuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smooke the Temple with our Sacrifices.  
Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold thee euer.

*Imo.* You are my Father too, and did rescue me:  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All ore-joy'd  
Saue these in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,  
For they shall taste our Comfort.

*Imo.* My good Master, I will yet do you seruice.

*Luc.* Happy be you.

*Cym.* The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought  
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a King.

*Post.* I am Sir  
The Souldier that did company these three  
In peere besetting: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might  
Haue made you finish.

*Iach.* I am downe againe:  
But now my heauie Conscience sinkes my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, besetech you  
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,  
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse  
That euer swore her Faith.

*Post.* Kneele not to me:  
The powre that I haue on you, is to spare you:  
The malice towards you, to forgieue you. Live  
And deale with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:  
Wee'l learne our Freeneffe of a Sonne-in-Law:  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arui.* You holpe vs Sir,  
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,  
Ioy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome  
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought  
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd  
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes  
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found  
This Labell on my bosome; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* *Philarmenus*.

*Sooth.* Heere, my good Lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

Reader.

When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe vnknew, with-  
out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender  
Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt branches,  
which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ioyned to  
the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his  
miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen-  
tie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelp,  
The fit and apt Construction of thy name  
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:  
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,  
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*  
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine  
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now  
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,  
Vnknewne to you vnsought, were clipt about  
With this most tender Aire.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.  
*Sooth.* The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*  
Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point  
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne  
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd  
To the Maiesticke Cedar ioyn'd; whose Issue

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